

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

November 1941



W. J. Wilbur



COURTESY CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

MEXICAN ROOFS

A silk mural by Lydia Bush-Brown

This wall hanging is a design
applied on silk by means of wax
dyeing as with batik

A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The November News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"Turkey" (front cover), "Mexican Roofs," "New Things," "Indian Summer," "With Knowing Fingers"

Character Guidance:

"The Pilgrim Tower," "A Rising or a Setting Sun?" "A Little Refugee," "With Knowing Fingers," "The Old Woman with the Long Nose," "Joint Roll Call—Nov. 11-30"

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Conservation of Health and Life—"The Pilgrim Tower," "Fruits of Friendship," "With Knowing Fingers," "A Little Refugee," "Soldiers in Feathers"

Defense—"Soldiers in Feathers," "News Parade"
Harvest—"Turkey" (front cover), "The Pilgrim Tower," "News Parade," "Corn Harvest"

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Invention and Science—"New Things," "Soldiers in Feathers"

Red Cross—"A Red Cross Rhyme," "Joint Roll Call—Nov. 11-30," Unit on Page 2 of this "Guide for Teachers"

Serving Children Abroad—"A Little Refugee," "Fruits of Friendship," "A Red Cross Rhyme"

The November News in Braille

The features selected for brailleing from the November News are "A Rising or a Setting Sun?" "Soldiers in Feathers," "Fruits of Friendship," and "News Parade."

War Relief Production

In the "News Parade" this month is an account of Junior Red Cross members of Findlay, Ohio, who collected findings for the senior volunteers to use in their Red Cross Production. The November page of the *Calendar* contains several suggestions of ways in which Junior Red Cross members can continue to serve children abroad through helping with Production.

The Red Cross will continue to ship War Relief garments abroad as long as the need and the supply hold out. Items listed for elementary and junior high school pupils to make include pocket toys and other things mentioned on the November *Calendar* page. "Pocket toys" mean toys small enough to go in the pockets of children's garments. There are no patterns for these, but suggestions are given in the *Calendar* and in the recently revised sewing leaflet, ARC 688. Junior high school pupils who have sewing instruction will enjoy "planning and making a whole outfit for a small child." This Toddler Pack with pattern numbers is listed in the revised sewing leaflet.

School of the Air of the Americas

Junior Red Cross members will find material to supplement broadcasts of the Columbia Broadcasting System's School of the Air of the Americas both in current issues and in old files of the *Junior Red Cross News*.

In the Monday broadcasts, "Americans at Work," topics announced for October and November include "Ship Builders," "Sailors," "Airmen," and "Soldiers." Stories of related interest in the September and October *Junior Red Cross News* are "Fisherman's Folly," "Creatures of the Deep," and "The Pathfinder of the Sea." "Soldiers in Feathers," in this November issue is also pertinent.

In the Tuesday broadcasts, "Music of the Americas," October and November programs are about "Country Music," including Mountaineers, Plainsmen, Miners, Rivermen and Sailors, Woodsmen and Planters. Such folk songs, characteristic of your own section, will make good topics for Junior Red Cross School Correspondence albums.

The Wednesday broadcasts, "New Horizons," in October and November deal with Haiti, Puerto Rico, Cuba, Central America, Jamaica, Panama. Searching back through the school files of the *Junior Red Cross News*, you will find much material to supplement these broadcasts. Noteworthy examples follow:

April, 1940, "Latin American Stamps"

Guatemala—By Delia Goetz: May, 1939, "May Day Surprise"; February, 1940, "The Ox that Got

(Continued on page three)

Developing Calendar Activities for November

National Enrollment, November 11-30

IN ORDER THAT pupils might realize greater educational benefit, a summer school student of the Machias, Maine, Normal School worked out a day by day classroom plan for the national senior and junior Red Cross joint enrollment period.

"I. General Objectives

- A. To develop initiative and judgment
- B. To provide experiences that will broaden the child's consciousness of his social responsibilities

"II. Specific Objectives

- A. To develop an understanding of the Junior Red Cross and its activities
 1. Understanding the story of the Red Cross (history)
 2. Realizing the large number of people who work for the Red Cross
 3. Understanding how the adult members work
 4. Understanding how the Junior Red Cross grew out of the senior organization
 5. Understanding the work of other children in the Red Cross field
 6. Gaining an appreciation of what their work means to the receivers
- B. To develop a desire to carry the spirit of helpfulness into the homes, making families conscious of the Junior Red Cross
- C. To provide opportunities for creative expression and enjoyment of music, art, stories, and rhymes
- D. To provide opportunities for developing and improving those skills needed for living in the immediate environment

"III. Overview

This unit on 'Junior Red Cross' will develop (A) the story, (B) the workers and their work, (C) how to organize, (D) what we can do.

- A. The Story
 1. Henri Dunant's work and influence
 2. Clara Barton
 3. Junior Red Cross
- B. The Red Cross in the Community
 1. Red Cross workers
 2. Red Cross rooms
 3. What the people do
 4. Where the work goes
- C. Organizing a Junior Red Cross
 1. Performing individual services
 2. Earning the fee through group work
 3. Wearing the pin
 4. Forming a Council
- D. What we can do
 1. Keep our persons clean
 2. Promote good health
 3. Do services in schoolroom
 4. Help at home
 5. Do something for shut-ins
 6. Be kind to older people

"IV. Approaches

- A. Poster, Calendar, and Junior Red Cross News, stories, songs, or poems relating to Red Cross
- B. Discussion of 'We Serve'
- C. How we can join
- D. How we can help
- E. Excursion to the Red Cross rooms

F. Exhibits

1. Scrapbooks
 2. All work done in Art class
 3. Pictures children bring in
- G. Speakers in classroom
1. Nurse to discuss health part of program
 2. Some local Red Cross worker
- H. Red Cross books on display, if possible
- I. Our own stories and illustrations about how we served

Daily Plan

"Tuesday, November 11:

Opening Exercises—J. R. C. Poster; 'We Serve'
Language—Story of Henri Dunant; discussion

"Wednesday, November 12:

Opening Exercises—J. R. C. Calendar; how we may belong

Numbers—Drill in combinations (addition), using money brought in

Language—Story of Henri Dunant, continued

Writing—Junior Red Cross

"Thursday, November 13:

Opening Exercises—Health in Junior Red Cross; serving others; morning inspection

Numbers—Drill in combinations (addition), using money brought in

Language—Clara Barton; discussion

Music—Junior Red Cross Song

"Friday, November 14:

Opening Exercises—Inspection

Numbers—Drill in combinations

Language—Story of Red Cross Flag

Art—Make a red cross

"Monday, November 17:

Opening Exercises—Inspection

Numbers—Count by two's; drill in combinations

Music—Junior Red Cross Song

"Tuesday, November 18:

Opening Exercises—Inspection; health story

Numbers—Count by two's; drill in combinations

Language—Junior Red Cross; discussion

Visit to Red Cross Rooms

"Wednesday, November 19:

Opening Exercises—Inspection

Numbers—Count by five's; drill in combinations

Language—People who work for Red Cross; pictures and discussion

"Thursday, November 20:

Opening Exercises—Morning inspection

Numbers—Count by five's; combinations

Music—Junior Red Cross Song

Language—Red Cross rooms; what we saw; discussion

"Friday, November 21:

Opening Exercises—Morning inspection

Numbers—Count by ten's; combinations

Language—Form Junior Red Cross Council

"Monday, November 24:

Opening Exercises—Morning inspection

Reading—"Too Thin Johnny"

Numbers—Mental Arithmetic; drill in combinations

Language—"Good Health" discussion of foods to eat.

Scrapbook

Art—Make Thanksgiving favors to give to some older person who is sick.

"Tuesday, November 25:

Opening Exercises—Morning inspection; health story

Reading—"Too Thin Johnny"

Numbers—Mental Arithmetic; combinations

Music—Junior Red Cross Song

Language—Serving others on the way to and from school; scrapbooks

"Wednesday, November 26:

Opening Exercises—Morning inspection

Reading—"Too Thin Johnny"

Numbers—Find out how much money is left after enrollment is paid; combinations

Language—Health Scrapbook

Afternoon—Program to show parents what we have done, and what we have learned

The Story of Henri Dunant

"A long time ago there was a great battle. It was near where the war is today. Many men were killed and some were wounded. Henri Dunant saw this battle. He wanted to help those who were suffering. He got some women to help him. He told these women to help everybody. So they helped both their friends and their enemies.

"Discussion:

Where was Henri Dunant? What did Henri Dunant do while he was there? Whom did the women help?

The Story of Henri Dunant (continued)

(Questions about previous story)

"After this battle, Henri Dunant got his idea for the Red Cross. He wrote a little book about what he had seen. He tried to get people interested in his idea. He visited kings, princes, and all the people that he thought would help him. These people decided to help him. So, the Red Cross Society was founded.

"Discussion:

What idea did Henri Dunant have? What did he write? Whom did he visit? What society was founded?

The Story of Clara Barton

"Not long after the Red Cross Society was formed a lady in our country became interested in Henri Dunant's idea. She worked very hard and soon our own Red Cross was formed. Now every country in the world has its own society.

"Discussion:

Who was the lady in our country who worked to form our Red Cross? Does any other country have a Red Cross besides the United States? Does the Red Cross help only when there is a war? What other times does it help?

The Story of the Red Cross Flag

Question: What man thought of the Red Cross Society?

"Henri Dunant lived in Switzerland. His country's flag was a white cross on a red ground.

"When the Red Cross Society was formed the people chose a red cross on a white ground in honor of Henri Dunant.

"Discussion:

Where did Henri Dunant live? What is his country's flag? What is the Red Cross flag? Why is it called the Red Cross Society?

Junior Red Cross Song ('God Bless America')

"God bless our Red Cross flag

Long may it wave,

Bringing blessing—possessing

Boundless courage to make all hearts brave.

Knows no races—all embraces

Flown in all lands, far and wide,

God bless our Red Cross flag—whate'er betide."

(from a local Junior Red Cross News Bulletin)

"General Activities:

Health scrapbooks

Health habits for morning inspection

Cleaning my teeth

Washed my hands, face, neck, ears

Cleaned my fingernails

Washed my hands after using the toilet

Took a bath

Combed my hair

Used a clean handkerchief

Went to bed by 7:30

Drank milk

Ate vegetables

Ate fruit

Watched height and weight

Experience with art materials

Making covers for individual books and posters

Trips

Before going on trips plan questions we want to ask and list things we want to see. Develop satisfactory behavior patterns.

"Culmination

Plan program for parents.

Dramatize the story of the Red Cross.

Children tell own stories.

Songs learned in the unit to be sung.

Have the work of the class on display.

"Bibliography:

The Story of the Red Cross, The Development and Growth of the American Junior Red Cross, American Junior Red Cross Councils at Work

In City and Country—The unit activity reading series, Nila Banton Smith: 'Too Thin Johnny,' *Our Health Habits*, by Whitcomb Beveridge: 'Johnny-O and His Health Chores' Songs:

"God Bless Our Red Cross Flag, Our Junior Red Cross Song"

—Alice J. Beal, Grade II, Cove New School, Jonesport, Maine

The November News in the School

(Continued from page one)

into Mischief"; and September, 1941, "The Fiesta of the Corn"

Brazil—September, 1939, "A Boy on the Pampas," by Robin Palmer

Mexico—October, 1939, "Silver Pesos for Carlos,"

by Louise E. Baldwin; December, 1940, "Christmas

Fish," by Margaret Loring Thomas; February, 1941,

"Burros in Mazatlan," "A Letter from Mexico,"

"Debby and Francesca," by Siddie Joe Johnson, and

"Mexican Jingles," November, 1941, "Letters from a

Mexican Mining Camp," April, 1941, "God of Rain

—Maya," "For Bravery," by Delia Goetz; April,

1940, "Coronado Rides Again," by Delia Goetz

Chile—March, 1941, "Crusoe's Island," by Evelyn

Strong; April and September, 1941, "J.R.C. Mailbag"

Ecuador—March and April, 1941, "Francisco's

Lucky Day," by Christine von Hagen; September and

October, 1941, "A Drop of Milk," by Victor Wolf-

gang von Hagen

Argentina—March, 1940, "Correspondence from

Abroad," April, 1941, "J.R.C. Mailbag"

Cuba—April, 1941, "J.R.C. Mailbag"

Peru—February, 1940, "The Big Ears," by Man-

sour Beard, and "Barbara in the Andes," by Elizabeth

Linebeck Ledig

Bolivia—September, 1941, "Bolivian Indians"

Venezuela—November, 1940, "A Voyage to Ven-

ezuela"

Fitness for Service for November

IN THE Junior Red Cross course at the summer session of the Washington State Normal School, Machias, Maine, an outline was worked out for health education in a third grade for a year. Some of the parts that are relevant to the November *Calendar* suggestions are quoted below.

"The Voyage of Growing Up."

"Introduction

"I. Discussion—trips children have taken during their long vacation

"If none have had a journey by boat, I will include an experience of my own. These experiences will give a foundation for the lessons that follow and also an opportunity for sharing one another's good times.

"II. Picture Study—nautical subjects

"I will include pictures of Red Cross War Relief ships, will encourage the children to tell about pictures and will display pictures where they may be enjoyed at the children's convenience, to teach appreciation.

"III. Story—an ocean voyage including the appearance of the ship, the work of the captain and his crew cooperatively to keep the ship in good condition, and the log kept by the captain. Check by asking questions about the story.

"IV. The tie-up of story in previous lesson to The Voyage of Growing Up

"After review questions about the story, we will develop the concept that, although we are not sailing across an ocean as John did in the story, we are going on a voyage. Ours is the voyage of growing up.

"Conversation—Let's think of our bodies as ships. Who is the captain of your ship? It is you, as captain of your ship, who are to make your voyage happy, and the voyages of other people happier because you are sailing in their fleet. (The word fleet would have to be learned through pictures.)

"Would you like to make a ship's log in which to keep a record of the discoveries you make on your voyage? If we make attractive books, perhaps other children would like to read about our voyage. We can paste some bright pictures in our logs to show things we discover on our journey. The children at a clinic might enjoy looking at the pictures while waiting for their turn to have the doctor and nurse care for them. (Explain clinics, if necessary.) In our art class tomorrow we'll make covers for our books."

Our Log

"I. Fit for Service—Preparing ship for service

"A. Discussion (Crew working with captain)

"B. Stories

"C. Health songs

"II. Discoveries of ways to be a good captain (These to be done in a log book in manuscript writing. Hectographed copies of songs and poems may be included.)

"A. Cleanliness

1. Take a bath oftener than once a week.
2. Wash face and hands in the morning, before going visiting or to school or to church, and before going to bed.
3. Wash hands before meals and after toilet.
 - a. Keep the nails clean.
 - b. File nails often.
 - c. Do not bite the nails.
4. Care of the hair—stories and discoveries
 - a. Shampoo hair twice a month.
 - b. Brush hair often.
 - c. Comb hair neatly.

5. Device for cleanliness—Balloon Game

"Balloons will be cut from different colored paper and each attached to a string, to slide up and down on the string each day corresponding to the number of children who have passed inspection. (This will make a game of working together for a clean fleet.)

6. Review questions about habits of cleanliness of body ship

"B. Regularity in taking care of the different parts of the body ship

1. Regular habits—a time table (made by the group) to enable us to be good captains

a. Poem (Clock Talk)

b. Regular care of big engines

c. Discovery—Bodies are like engines of ships. They need regular care in order to work well.

2. Waste in our bodies

a. Ashes, as waste, are removed from firebox. Our bodies have wastes too.

(1) Part of food not used for building strong healthy body

(2) Helps in removing wastes regularly (Raise lettuce at school.)

b. Discovery—The waste must be moved out of the body every day, or it will keep the body from doing its work well.

"C. Bodies build themselves again if given good care

"When parts of a ship's engine wear out, new parts are made to take their places. If we get plenty of sleep and rest, the worn parts of our bodies are made strong again. Third grade children need eleven hours sleep in a room with fresh air.

"D. Keeping pirates away from body ships

1. Guarding body ship from disease

a. Poem

b. Story

c. Discovery—We should keep things out of our mouths that do not belong in our mouths.

2. Keeping diseases from spreading

a. Cleanliness in home, school, and community

b. Fresh air

c. Quarantine

d. Riddance of such pests as flies, mosquitoes, and rats

e. Discoveries—Cleanliness and quarantine help keep diseases from spreading.

3. Lecture at school by the Health Officer on care of the health of others

We must help the Health Officer to rid the community of disease. (Some special drive may be suggested by Health Officer.)

"E. Ships that have strong parts—building strong muscles

1. Picture study, showing children doing different kinds of outdoor exercise

2. Discoveries

a. Exercise helps to build strong muscles.

b. Strong muscles help hold the body straight.

3. Posture

a. Sitting and standing well.

b. Discoveries—Good habits of sitting will help keep the body straight: head high, chin in, chest out, and stomachs in."

—Verna B. McLaughlin, Brownville, Maine.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

November • 1941

Part I

The Pilgrim Tower

MARIA VAN VROOMAN

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

LORETTA ran the water in the washbowl until it had stopped its sputtering from being turned off at night, and reached for Tina's little washcloth.

"Come here, baby. Loretta wants to give you a clean face."

Tina, shivering in the cold gray November morning, put up her face and hands obediently. She was only four, and Loretta's special care. There were so many of them, her sister reflected. Ten! All the bigger girls cared for the smaller tots, to help mother when father was away fishing.

"Nice warm cereal," said Loretta, her stiff fingers gently wiping the little girl's face. "Breakfast is all ready for us."

"With ice cream?" Tina's big eyes widened.

"Yes, with ice cream," laughed her sister. She eyed the frosty windows above the bowl. The milk would be frozen on top and divided among the younger children for their cereal.

"Hurry for school!" Mother called up the stairs.

Loretta smoothed her own dark locks and helped Tina down the steep steps. In the kitchen everything was bustling around the stove.

"Come right home at dinner time, Loretta," said her mother. "This is the day I go to help Mrs. Clark. You and Angela must see after the younger children."

"Yes, Mama," agreed Loretta promptly.

There would be the lunch to get, the babies to feed.

Mama would get back just as Loretta was off to school again. But all helping, they got along.

Her eyes fell on the blue, blue waters of Naples Bay in a picture her father had hung over the sink. They

loved to hear him tell about his childhood in sunny Italy, how he had run away at twelve to hide on a fishing vessel and come to America, a free land. How he became cabin boy, bos'n, then third mate, until finally he had his own boat and captained the fishing fleet off Cape Cod.

"Any news of the boats, Mama?"

"No news. Eat your cereal."

The cold winter when blizzards blew in laden with snow and sleet was a hard time for fishermen. She had seen her father's boat many a time edge into the harbor with gleaming icicles hanging from the top mast to the very deck. She had watched them chop ice away from the cabin door.



"We must be patient and brave like the Pilgrim women"

"Wind from the east," commented Manuel, looking out the door.

"Here is a banana for each of you," said their mother, bringing them out of a bag in the drawer. "I have been saving them."

"Oh, Mama!"

She smiled. There was no hint of anything but calmness in the face of her mother, Loretta saw, even though the boats were overdue. The little girl glanced at the Naples picture again. How warm and safe those waters must be! Yet her father would never go back. He had chosen instead a dangerous life in a strange land.

Loretta found her books and slid gently into her old plaid coat. It was getting tight and she had to be careful not to make sudden movements. Manuel laughed and said, "If it tears, you can move any way you want!" But Loretta was shocked. "It is still warm," she said. "I must save it for when Angela gets bigger."

Outside they hurried over the hill and down Front Street. The sea was the color of slate, dark and foreboding. The wind tore at their clothes.

"The signals are up," shouted Manuel, pointing to the hill.

Two red flags waved a storm warning.

Loretta hugged her books closer and hurried on. They must not think about father and the boats. Above her the tall Pilgrim Monument rose, the first landmark from the sea. Perhaps even now father was sighting it—perhaps, oh, perhaps!

She dashed into school, hanging up her coat amid the chattering throng and took her seat. Lessons began. Just before noon recess Miss Parker laid down her pencil to speak.

"Put everything away, children. There's something I want to talk to you about. It's—well—a sort of surprise."

A wave of pleased, excited murmurs ran about the room. In front of Loretta, Prue Hardesty, whose father owned the bank, threw back her yellow curls eagerly. Loretta often wondered what it would be like to be Prue, with plenty of clothes, lovely things to eat, a father who sat safely at a fine desk all day. Wind and wave could rise without a thought of fear, for them!

"Next month is the date of the Pilgrim's Landing," said Miss Parker to the room. "We are going to give a school play. Each grade will have a few characters in the play, and the rest of you will help with tickets, scenery and costumes, and ushering. Be back promptly

this afternoon and I will tell you more about it."

Loretta hugged herself. She hoped she might help, on the costumes. She loved to sew. It would be fun to make a Pilgrim costume. She loved the memory of that brave little band struggling with cold, hardship, a new country, hostile Indians. It was thrilling to live on the very soil where such things had happened.

Out in the cloakroom Prue was talking to her chum, Priscilla Loveridge. "I hope I'm in it. I do love plays!"

"So do I," burst out Loretta over her shoulder. "I can't think of anything more exciting than to be in a Pilgrim play!"

Prue and her chum turned in surprise and looked at her. Loretta was struggling into the worn plaid coat. Suddenly she became aware of a strange look on Prue's face.

"You don't think *you'd* be chosen for a part, do you?" said Prue spitefully. "Why, you're not even *an American!*"

"Why—why, I was born here!" gasped Loretta.

"Your father wasn't," said Prue flatly. And walked out.

Loretta was stunned. She wasn't an American! For a minute such an overpowering feeling of despair filled her that she nearly burst into tears. Then it was followed by anger at Prue. She had never been friends with Prue or Priscilla, but she had always admired them and thought them nice girls. This was the first time she had been in their grade since she entered in September, working up and skipping half a year at summer school. Having to work at home afternoons when most girls went to the beach or the movies, she hadn't made many friends. But she had never supposed Prue was unkind.

The wind had shifted to the northeast and snow was falling. The signals were flying now, making a brave patch of color in the snow, and on Front Street children were getting out their sleds and going up Monument Hill with shouts and laughter. But in Loretta's home there was grave talk.

"I stopped by Louis'," Manuel told Loretta, as she warmed the spaghetti and directed Angela about the small ones. "The radio reports were coming in. There wasn't anything about father's boat yet."

Loretta closed her lips tightly.

Her father was a hero. He was a brave and resourceful man. He battled the elements with a stout heart. Weekly, daily, even hourly

he never knew what the sea would bring. There had been that dreadful time when he was swept from the slippery deck into the sea and had nearly drowned in his heavy oilskins before they could get a line out. There was the time the ship had got afire from grease spilled in the scullery. There was the time—Loretta caught herself. Every fisherman's daughter had been through the same. And Prudence Hardesty had sneered at her father! Loretta remembered the last time he was home. He sat by the stove and read the war news and said, "I am glad we are here. I am glad we are Americans."

On the way back to school they stopped at Louis' to listen to the short-wave radio. But there was no news.

When the school bell rang, Miss Parker was reading out the names of the boys who were to be in the play. They took their seats and she began on the girls.

"Prudence Hardesty, Pilgrim woman—Priscilla Loveridge, Pilgrim woman—"

Prue tossed her yellow curls and Priscilla tried not to look too satisfied.

"Loretta Pascelli."

"Yes, Miss Parker!" Loretta sat up.

"You are to take the part of a Puritan woman, also. Now all of you, whose names I have read out, report after school. Get out your geographies."

The rest of the afternoon was a blur for Loretta. Chosen for a Pilgrim woman—*she!* When she thought of being in the play with Prue, her heart sank. She could not. She would make an excuse. She spent a miserable last half hour at school and went to her teacher's desk the minute school was out.

"Yes, Loretta?"

Loretta lowered her voice shyly. "Miss Parker, I don't know if I can be in this play."

"Why, Loretta?"

She longed to say it all out in a rush—to say boldly, "Because I am not an American, perhaps, since my father was not born in this country. Because the girls in the play do not like that. Because—because—" Instead she said, "I cannot stay today. My father is away. The boats have not been heard from. My mother needs me."

She heard an exclamation behind her from Prue, but she did not pay attention. Miss Parker was saying, "Of course you may go this afternoon, Loretta. But I hope you can be in the play. I was depending on you."

Loretta and Manuel hurried to Louis'. Reports were still coming in.



"The storm signals are up," shouted Manuel, pointing to the hill

"The *Rose Marie* out of New Bedford, two thousand tinkers. The *Blue Wave* out of Gloucester, three thousand mackerel—"

"There is a boat in distress off the point," said Louis. "They don't know who she is. The Coast Guard cutter has gone out."

Loretta's hand flew to her throat. "How'd the news come?" Manuel rasped out.

"The *Emily Ann*. She just got in. Heard the signals, but couldn't get to her in the fog."

The fog horn blew dismally and the sound cut through Loretta's consciousness like a dirge. Boat in distress!

"If I hear anything, I send word up," promised Louis. "Keep the chins up. Good fishermen's children, you two!"

They tried to smile and went out. "Not a word yet to mother," whispered Manuel as they entered the house.

"Miss Parker left something for you," her mother called. "She is nice. She said you do very good at school."

Loretta looked at her mother's beaming face.

"Yes, Mama. She has given me a part in the Pilgrim play."

"You didn't tell me," Manuel cried.

They were so proud of her—so glad for her.

If they knew her heartbreak—

"I—I must study the part," she said, reaching for the sheets of typewritten paper, "if you think I can be in it, Mama."

"Be in it?" exclaimed her mother. "You did not think I should let you? But yes—it is a fine thing. A Pilgrim play, you say?"

"For the anniversary of the Mayflower landing," cut in Manuel. "Some boys in my grade are in it, too."

"I have to go to rehearsal every day after school," Loretta murmured uncertainly.

"Angela will help. Your father will be proud to hear of it."

Manuel and Loretta looked at each other. Evidently their mother had heard nothing yet. They began to busy themselves. Loretta got the broom and Manuel drew oil for the stove.

"I will go back to Louis!" he whispered as he passed her.

Thinking it over, Loretta decided she would be in the play. She would learn her part forward and backward—yes, as perfectly as she could. She would see that Prue and Priscilla did not outdo her in that, at least. She would be prompt at every rehearsal and do her very best for her mother's sake. Yes, and for that father who would be so proud to hear of it when he came home.

She brushed away a tear; then she flung up her chin. Perhaps she was not an American according to Prue's way of thinking, but a fisherman's daughter did not snivel.

Manuel had heard nothing when he came back to supper, and Loretta knew they would have to wait until the next day—unless someone brought bad news in the night.

When she awoke, the storm had not abated, and they trudged through the drifts to school.

Priscilla was in the cloakroom talking to Marjory Adams, and Loretta caught her words as she came in.

"—and they don't know if any men on the boat will be saved. Prue's father's on it. He went out to make an inspection trip. She didn't come to school today."

Loretta flashed forward. "What boat is it?"

"The *Avalon*."

"I've got to go right home," she gasped.

She tore along the street, slipping and sliding on the icy pavement, holding her head

down against the wind. Opposite Louis' she heard a cry. He had stuck his head out of the door and hailed her.

"I can't stop," sobbed Loretta. "Oh, Louis—it's the *Avalon*!"

"Your mother's here," he shouted back.

She dodged across the street and flew in the fish store.

"Mother!"

"Sit down, Loretta. We are listening to the short wave."

Her mother was knitting a sock and around her the little tots were quietly playing. Loretta looked at her. Everyone seemed calm but herself. Louis twisted the dials to rid them of static.

"The Coast Guard cutter is alongside," he said reassuringly.

Suddenly Loretta felt peace come over her. Her mother seemed a tower of patient strength. Louis got the radio cleared and they began to hear better. The Coast Guardsmen were taking the *Avalon* men aboard. The sea was heavy, but if the lines held, all were safe. Her father would be the last to leave the disabled vessel, if it was towed in. There was the danger of its being battered to pieces before then, but at least there was hope. They would wait. They would have courage.

"I hear Mr. Hardesty was on the trip," Loretta's mother said suddenly. "His wife must be worried."

"No more than we," Loretta burst out quickly.

Her mother looked at her.

"Perhaps their radio has no short wave," said Louis, glancing over. "Some of those big expensive ones are not so powerful as my little one here for short wave."

"Someone should take the news up there," added Loretta's mother. "Mrs. Hardesty—she's a nice woman."

"I'll go!" said Loretta suddenly.

She never quite knew why she offered. But she trudged up the hill to the big house, opening the gate hurriedly, banging the old-fashioned knocker. Mrs. Hardesty herself came to the door and Loretta saw the same sort of strength that her mother had in her grey eyes.

"Come in, child. I hear your father's boat is in trouble. We are waiting for news."

Prue, red-eyed from crying, crowded forward.

"I've brought news from the short wave," said Loretta. "The Coast Guard cutter is alongside. They're going to try to tow the

(Concluded on page 68)



COURTESY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

A scene from the film, "Land of Liberty." Benjamin Franklin and George Washington are standing beside the Rising Sun chair

A Rising or a Setting Sun?

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

BY THE TREATY of 1783 at the close of the Revolutionary War, England acknowledged her former colonies to be "free, sovereign and independent states." Thus was brought into the world a new nation, the United States of America. Not only was it to be a new nation, but it was to be a new kind of nation. Every country in the world at that time was a monarchy, with its king and its nobles as the ruling class. Here was to be a new experiment in government, the building up of a new kind of society. It was to be a government "of the people, by the people, for the people."

But the new-born nation was very weak. Indeed it could scarcely be called a nation at all. The different states had been settled by different kinds of people. They had different manners and customs and different interests. During the long struggle with England they had been united in a common cause, but when

independence was won they fell back into the ways they had followed before the Revolution. Each state pursued its own independent life, and the people of the various states had little consciousness of belonging to the same nation.

During the war a kind of constitution, called the Articles of Confederation, had been adopted, but the government was given so little power that it could not enforce its authority. So the states began quarreling with one another. Some of them quarreled over how much of the new land in the West belonged to them. Some of them began taxing the goods from other states. Merchants sending goods over state boundaries could never be sure when the goods would reach their destination, if at all.

After several difficult years it became clear to the thoughtful men of the time that the government must be changed so that it would

bind the thirteen quarreling little states together. Accordingly, in February, 1787, Congress passed a resolution requesting the states to send delegates to a convention to formulate a constitution which should be "adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union." It was to be held in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, where, eleven years before, the Declaration of Independence had been signed.

At the first session of the convention George Washington was unanimously elected chairman. He sat on a raised platform in a large, carved, high-backed chair, and presided over the meetings with his customary dignity. As the presiding officer he could take no part in the debates, but his influence throughout the convention was nevertheless great. His opinions had great weight with the other delegates who often sought his advice before deciding important matters.

Almost as soon as the convention opened, the old rivalry and jealousy between the states flared up. The planters of the South feared that their interests might be sacrificed to those of the New England merchants. The New Englanders were afraid the new land being opened up in the West would develop into a dangerous rival. The small states thought that the large states would get too much power. Would it be possible to draw up a plan of government that would satisfy the conflicting interests of large and small states, of merchants and planters?

The greatest dispute came over the matter of representation in Congress. The large states thought that they ought to have more representatives than the small states.

"It is not fair," said James Madison, "to allow Virginia, which is sixteen times as large as Delaware, an equal vote only."

The small states insisted that each state should have the same number of representatives, no matter how many or how few people lived in each.

"Shall I submit the welfare of New Jersey, with five votes, in a council where Virginia has sixteen?" shouted William Paterson. "I will never consent to the proposed plan. I would rather submit to a monarch, to a despot, than to such a fate."

"But listen to the other side," replied James Wilson. "If Congress is to represent the states, one citizen of Pennsylvania will have only a third of the voice of the citizen of New Jersey. We Pennsylvanians will never submit to that."

"You must give each state an equal suf-

frage, or our business is at an end," thundered Martin Luther of Maryland.

Old Benjamin Franklin, bowed with age, followed closely every word of the heated controversy, his gentle face overcast with apprehension. Washington, with an anxious expression, gave Franklin a significant look. The aged statesman rose and said:

"We have arrived, Mr. President, at a very momentous and interesting crisis in our deliberations. . . . I would therefore propose that without proceeding further in this business at this time, the convention shall adjourn for three days in order to let the present ferment pass off and afford time for more full, free and dispassionate investigation of the subject."

Franklin's wise suggestion was followed, and, when the delegates came together again, a happy solution of the problem was found. It was decided that in the House of Representatives the number of members from each state should depend on the number of people in the state. This satisfied the large states. In the Senate each state was to have the same number of members no matter what its size. This arrangement reassured the small states. Thus each side gained part of what it wanted, and each gave up something for the good of the whole country.

The question of representation brought up the matter of the slaves. The population of the South was less than half that of the North. In some of the southern states a large proportion of the population consisted of slaves. The delegates from those states wanted the slaves counted equally with free men. The northern delegates objected. Again there were debates for and against. Four years earlier Congress had voted that five slaves should equal three free men. Madison suggested that the same plan be adopted, and it was.

No sooner was this matter settled than new conflicting interests were brought to light. Might not the new land to the West some day become the most populous part of the nation and dictate to the older states? Would it not be wise to provide that the number of representatives of new states should never exceed those from the original thirteen?

"It is well enough to be just to the West," said Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, "but we must not put ourselves at their mercy. If they acquire power, like others they will abuse it, and we must expect them to tax our commerce and drain our wealth into the western country."

This view was opposed by other members. "It was England's refusal to accord us the same rights as Englishmen which drove us into revolt," said one of the opponents. "Shall we now adopt the same policy toward our own people? If so, our sons who have gone into those regions will some day seek independence of us just as we sought independence of England. Equality of right is the foundation of lasting union." This sounder view prevailed.

Through the hot days of the summer the arguments continued. At times Washington grew impatient at the slow progress of affairs. At one time he wrote his friend, Henry Knox: "By slow, and I wish I could add, sure movements, the business of the convention progresses, but to say when it will end and what will be the result is more than I venture to do." At times he was completely disheartened as the debates became so bitter that it seemed as if the convention would break up without accomplishing the great work it had been called to do. On one such occasion he wrote: "I almost despair of seeing a favorable issue to the proceedings of our convention and do therefore repent of having any agency in the business."

But when the situation was darkest the delegates turned to their great and trusted leader. Without his wise counsel it is doubtful whether the convention could have been held together. As it was, a number of angry delegates left for their homes never to return, and the original fifty-five members dwindled to forty-two.

On September 17 came the last meeting. The plan of the Constitution was at last worked out, and the finished draft awaited the signatures of the delegates. "We hope and believe that it may promote the lasting welfare of that country, so dear to us all, and secure her freedom and happiness," said Washington.

But would the conventions of the nine states, which must ratify the Constitution before it could become the law of the land, accept it? That was the big question in the mind of all the members. They had worked hard but felt very doubtful about the success of their labors.

As the delegates approached the table to sign their names to the document, a happy little smile lighted up the face of old Benjamin Franklin. Throughout his long life he had worked untiringly for his beloved country and now at last, with this Constitution to bind the states together, it seemed to him that he saw the successful outcome of all his labors.

On the back of the chair Washington had occupied throughout the convention, there was painted a half disc representing the sun. In the gloom of the last days, when it seemed to many members that the convention was ending in failure, Franklin believed that a better day was dawning for his country, and the little emblem on the chair became a symbol to him.

As the last delegates were signing their names, Franklin remarked to those near him that it was often difficult in paintings to distinguish a rising from a setting sun. Then, calling the attention of the delegates to the half-sun on Washington's chair, he said: "I have often, in the course of the convention and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that sun behind the President, without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting. But now, at length, I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

Time has verified the prediction of the sage of Philadelphia that it was a rising sun he saw. The new kind of nation worked out by the men at Philadelphia has shown that a government "of the people, by the people, for the people" can really work.

Velvet Field Mouse

NONA KEEN DUFFY

Illustration by Henry B. Kane

Velvet field mouse, soft and sweet,
Has four pussywillow feet!

Has a soft and silky coat
And a furry, silver throat.

See him sit on two hind feet,
See him hold his food and eat!

He likes seeds of many kinds,
Eats the plumppest that he finds.

Tiny, timid, velvet mouse,
Has a haystack for his house!



ELLA and Leonard Bottomley could hardly wait for Saturday night to try the new bathtub.

"Isn't it just elegant?" said Ella, feeling the shiny brown mahogany rim.

Leonard stood watching the plumber fit the new bathboiler into the spare room fireplace.

"Won't it be splendid to have water run right into the tub?" he said.

Odd as it may seem, the Bottomley Family had never had a bathtub. They had had a round tin tub, of course, without running water or faucets or a stopper to keep the water in. But now the hall bedroom had been made over into a real up-to-date bathroom with shiny brown woodwork and a gas chandelier. There stood the gleaming new porcelain tub on its high thin legs, faucets and all. No wonder the Bottomleys were excited and proud to show it to all the country cousins and next door neighbors.

"No more tin tubs and water pitchers for us," said Leonard.

"I am just going to lie straight out in deep water with soap suds all around me," said Ella.

"It does not become a young lady to be selfish, Ella," said Nurse. "You know that when there are five in the family, everyone must cheerfully take their small share of warm water."

"I don't want a bath," whimpered little Edgar from under the tub.

"Nor I," said Grandma Bottomley, who was drawing water in her pitcher at the new wash

THE FAMILY WHO

basin. "For sixty-five years I have kept clean with a pitcher and bowl, and I shall continue to perform my ablutions in my own way."

"Oh, Grandma, why must you be so old-fashioned?" said Ella.

"Who wants any old pitcher and basin?" said Leonard.

"Children! Children!" implored Grandma Bottomley. "Where are your manners? You must learn to respect and revere the elderly. Politeness is the poetry of life."

"And how many times have I told you to be a little gentleman, Leonard, and not get into the bathtub with your shoes on," scolded Nurse who was pulling little Edgar out from under the tub. "And Ella, it is not very genteel to finger the new wallpaper with your sticky fingers."

"And don't keep turning the water on and off, Leonard," said Grandma. "You are old enough to know the wrongfulness of wanton waste."

"Here come the cousins and the Proutys to see the new bathroom," called Momma Bottomley from the stairway. Ella, Leonard and little Edgar stood proudly and politely while everyone crowded round the bathroom door.

"Well, I never," exclaimed Cousin Matty

when she came in.

"My goodness me," giggled Cousin Gertrude, "just imagine getting into a great tub like that!"

"Isn't it just lovely," cooed Cousin Kate who was admiring the wash basin painted with beautiful red roses. "Takes me back to the days when I used to paint china."

"Goodness gracious! Can that be a shower?" exclaimed

"Well, I never," exclaimed Cousin Matty, when she came in



NEVER HAD A BATHTUB

HILDEGARD WOODWARD

Mr. Prouty.

"Yes, and you can shampoo your hair and sprinkle yourself all over," said Leonard, taking the rubber hose off the silver hook beside the tub.

"Saints alive!" said Cousin Daniel, dodging a sudden spray. "How daring! Only the most hardy constitutions can endure the rigors of a shower."

"To my way of thinking the whole costly arrangement is unnecessary and a menace to health," said Grandma Bottomley.

"I am inclined to agree with you, my dear," whispered fat Mrs. Prouty on her way downstairs. "Such a lot of expense to put into needless luxury."

"Oh, Leonard, you are scratching the beautiful porcelain with your dirty little boots," wailed Momma, as the guests left. "Why can't you keep out of the tub until Saturday?"

"You had better keep the bathroom locked, my dear," said Grandma Bottomley. "Ella and Leonard do not seem to realize that a bathtub should be confined solely to the purpose of bathing."

Saturday dawned at last, a damp and chilly day.

"Goodness gracious, my dear," said Grandma Bottomley, "surely you are not going to let those children bathe in the new tub in weather like this. They will catch-a-death of cold."

"No, Grandma, be sensible," said Momma Bottomley, "there will be no danger if we light the heater early and don't let any cold air get into the bathroom." Then turning to Nurse, she added, "See that the windows are tightly shut, Nursey, and keep the children's flannels near the kitchen stove, so that they won't get damp."

"Yes, Ma'am," said

Nursey, "and I'll put some hot flasks in their beds to warm them and keep off dangerous chills."

"Who will have the first bath, Momma?" said Leonard.

"Ladies first," screamed Ella.

"Poppa will have to decide when he comes home," said calm Momma Bottomley.

"I don't want a bath," whimpered little Edgar.

By the time Poppa Bottomley's step was heard in the hall, everything upstairs was ready for the first bath. The children were waiting in their warm flannel bathrobes by the nursery fire.

"Can I be first, Poppa?" shouted Ella, in anything but a ladylike way.

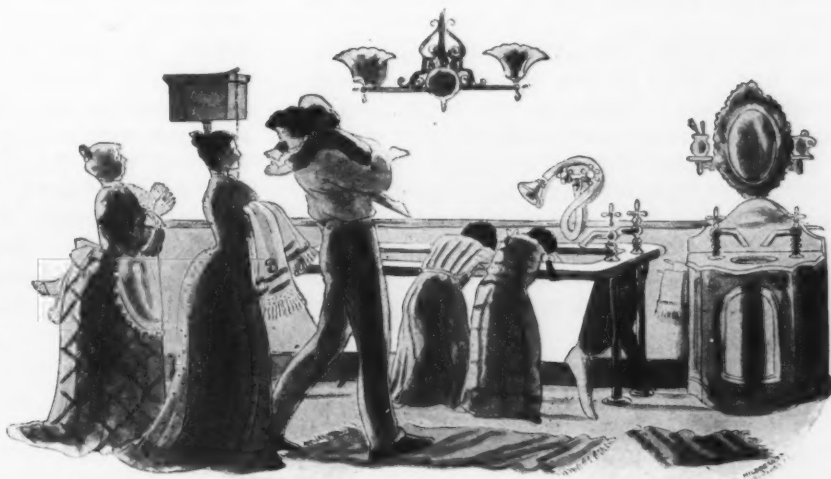
"No, me, Poppa!" screamed Leonard. "I want to be the first to christen the tub."

"Children! Children!" implored Poppa Bottomley, stopping his ears. "Where are your manners? You know that grownups always come before children. What about Grandma? Surely she should have the first honor."

"Yes, of course," said Momma Bottomley. "Grandma shall have the first bath."

Grandma clutched her shawl more tightly around her. "The saints preserve me from these modern contraptions," she exclaimed. "The very indecency of plunging into a great tub of tepid water makes my blood run cold. No bathtub for me, I thank you; I shall stick to my pitcher and basin."

"Very well," said Poppa Bottomley, "as long as you prefer it that way, then let us start with our youngest. Come, Edgar, my son.



"No! No! No! I don't wanna bath," wailed Edgar, wildly trying to escape from Poppa's grasp

You shall have first bath, the very first."

"No! No! No! I don't wanna bath," wailed Edgar, trying wildly to escape from Poppa's grasp.

Ella and Leonard were astonished at such ungrateful behavior.

"I implore you, my dear," said Grandma, "in the name of sanity not to put this excited and overheated child into that great tub of water. It spells nothing but pneumonia."

Nevertheless, Poppa picked up the struggling, screaming Edgar and bore him toward the bath. Sensible Momma Bottomley put cold water on his brow to soothe him; then she sponged his stomach with warm water so that the bath would not be too great a shock to his system.

At that, little Edgar's screams fairly rent the air.

"Now, Edgar, don't be ungrateful," said Poppa kindly but firmly. "Little boys must learn that cleanliness is next to godliness."

"Put him in, Poppa," yelled Ella and Leonard, who were busying themselves mak-

ing lots and lots of soap suds in the tub.

"No! No! No!" howled little Edgar.

Then a miracle happened. When he felt the warm fluffy soap suds all around him, little Edgar suddenly stopped screaming and kicked out his feet and began splashing with his hands.

"I like a bath," he said with a broad grin, choking a last sob.

"The saints preserve us," said Grandma Bottomley, while he laughed and splashed. "What next?"

"Saturday's going to be the best day in the week," said Ella, squeezing a spongeful of water over little Edgar's chest.

"And ours is the best and biggest bathtub in the whole country," said Leonard, spraying little Edgar's back rather recklessly with the sprinkler.

But, Saturday or no Saturday, Grandma Bottomley never changed her mind.

"A pitcher and basin are good enough for me," she said.

"The saints preserve us," said little Edgar.

The Pilgrim Tower

(Continued from page 62)

Avalon in. So far everyone is safe, if the sea doesn't rough up."

Suddenly Loretta was glad she had brought the news, glad to see the flash of joy across their faces.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Hardesty. "You must be cold. I'll get Susan to make some hot chocolate for us. Your mother is not expecting you back right away?"

"I guess she won't worry." Loretta smiled shyly.

"Oh, Loretta," cried Prue, pulling her to the fire. "How do you stand it when your father's away? How can you bear it when there's no news? I cried all night."

Loretta looked out of the window. Through the mist of lessening snow the Pilgrim Tower reared itself, a solid grey mass of stone, as immovable as the shores along the sea. She relaxed in the warmth of the lovely room. The tower seemed to have a new meaning since

she had come to Prue's house. She caught her breath at the glory of an idea that came suddenly into her mind.

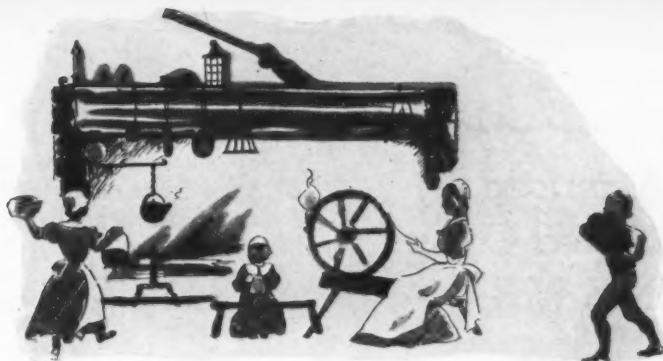
"Prue, you can see the Monument from here. It must be lovely to look out on it and think of the Pilgrims and all they went through, cold, and a strange land, Indians, too." She took a breath. "I think my father and the other fishermen are like them. They go out and take a chance with storms, bad seas, wrecks. We have to think of that instead of the danger—think how they are brave. We must be patient and brave like the Pilgrim women."

She stopped and Prue watched the light in her eyes wonderingly. "I think about the Pilgrims when father is away, and it helps me," finished Loretta.

"I never thought about it that way," said Prue falteringly. Then she burst out, "Oh, Loretta, I'm glad you're going to be in the Pilgrim play. You belong in it!"

New Things

MABLE PYNE



IN PILGRIM TIMES, the men chopped down trees, built houses and boats, caught codfish and whales. The women worked every minute, spinning and weaving, baking and sewing. Even candles and soap

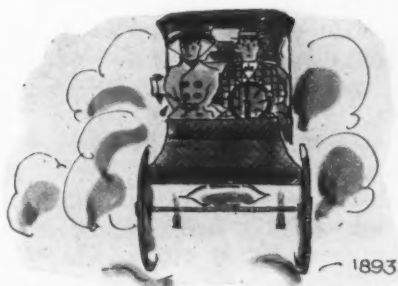
were made at home. The children helped.

A hundred years or so later little James Watt watched the cover of a tea kettle bounce, and thought that if a little steam could do that, a lot of steam could turn wheels. When he grew up he made a steam engine that did turn wheels.



Another source of power was later discovered—oil or petroleum. At first it was only used in lamps instead of whale oil. (Electric lights did not appear until 1879.)

It still took human power to do many things. Women still sewed most of their clothes, but Elias Howe's new machine now helped them. Into business offices came the typewriter. In 1858 men began using steel pen points instead of quills.



Many people, young and old, began riding bicycles built for two. Shortly thereafter people laughed at a strange carriage that went without a horse to pull it. These first automobiles had to be wound up by hand to make them start. And two brothers named Wright made an airplane that could fly with a man in it.

Alexander Graham Bell's telephone began to be used the same year the first phonograph was made. More than forty years later radio broadcasts began. You had to wear earphones—something like earmuffs. In the early 1900's, everyone was talking about pictures that



moved. Later, motion pictures began to talk. As you grow older, you'll probably see many more wonderful things happen; because, in this country, people have always looked for new and better ways of doing and making things; newer and better ways of living.

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"Fruits of Friendship"

AS WE REPORTED in the September NEWS, some schools in the Pacific Area sent Junior Red Cross Gift Boxes to children in China last year, as they are doing again in 1941. Father de la Taille, head of the Catholic Mission at Yang Chow, wrote to the American Red Cross office in Shanghai:

"You will, I know, forgive me for not having sent before this word of thanks to all those members of the American Junior Red Cross who had the friendly idea of sending their greetings to Chinese children.

"Transportation is very slow here. The boxes which arrived in Shanghai before Christmas did not reach us here in Yang Chow until June. We did not want to keep them until next Christmas, so we have distributed them to seven hundred and fifty boys and girls in our Catholic Mission. All the gifts were most welcome. Everybody had some of the walnuts and almonds, which many of the children had never seen before. We planted some of them in the school garden. The walnuts have come up already, though the almonds are not above ground as yet. We hope these plants may be souvenirs of the gifts of the children of America to the children of China in 1940. And when the trees, like the children, are grown up, we may think of them as bearing the fruits of friendship.

"Thank you all. And may we all realize that such gestures of friendship between races and nations do more for peace in the hearts

and among the peoples than hundreds of fine speeches which are too often belied by deeds. True peace has solid foundations only in the spirit of kindness and love which comes from the heart of God."

A Red Cross Rhyme

DOROTHY A. TURNER

5th Grade, Lake Kushaqua, New York, School

Put in a nickel or a dime,
And knit a square or two;
For many children now do need
The good that you can do.

Fill up another Christmas box
And please put in a toy,
As well as something useful
For a little girl or boy.

Indian Summer

MOMOE KIMURA

Eighth Grade, Hanashiro School, Iwate Prefecture;
Japan

THE WHITE CLOUD in the blue sky reflects on the water in the large pail in which I expect to do my washing. While I wash, two little girls in the neighborhood play at housekeeping under the shade of the cosmos.

Aiko, playing the guest, says "Hello" at the door, instead of ringing the bell.

"Well, well, a stranger. I am so glad to have you call," says the hostess, Hisa, who wears a pink ribbon.

The guest is shown into the parlor, a blanket on the grass. The girl with the red ribbon presents a gift saying, "We received these persimmons from a friend in the country. They taste wonderfully good. Will you share them with your boy?"

Hisa, embracing a doll baby, stands upon ceremony and says, "My son is quite a crying baby and he embarrasses me greatly."

While the conversation is going on, a bird in the tree is listening with its little head cocked to one side. As soon as this brief conversation is over, the bird sings and flies to the woods yonder.

I see two more birds in the branches of the cosmos. Just at this moment the noise of a musical band is heard. Hisa and Aiko jump to their feet and hurry to the place from whence the noise comes, leaving the doll and all of their playthings.

The sun throws a faint light on the gorgeous silk dress of the doll.

Soldiers in Feathers

JEAN JOYCE



At left, Mr. Corrigan, first, fastest and most famous of the U. S. Army's two-way pigeons, trained by a secret process

At right, soldier placing message in pigeon's leg-tube

DID YOU KNOW that birds are being drafted into the United States Army, too? Well, they are. Every day more and more of them are being "inducted" and put in special training camps where they are taught how to defend our country.

Most of these feathered draftees are pigeons—homing pigeons who can carry a message right through air full of bombs and shells. But just recently a new kind of feathered recruit has been drafted—the falcons, the fierce and wild "dive-bombers" of the bird world.

None of these feathered soldiers wears a uniform, of course—but on each leg a little aluminum band says they are members of the United States Army just as much as any soldier who carries a gun.

Homing pigeons are important messengers in the Army because they are not afraid of the terrible noise of guns, because they fly very fast—sometimes sixty miles an hour—and because they will always deliver a message to exactly the right place. When, in a battle, the enemy might have cut the communications lines of our troops and be listening in on radio messages, an Army pigeon will carry the message secretly and safely right over the bursting shells and gunfire. Many times in the last war pigeons saved the lives of soldiers or of whole battalions by delivering important messages. It is very seldom that a pigeon is shot down by gunfire.

That's why, when our young men are being drafted to fight with guns, planes and tanks, homing pigeons are being drafted, too. And that's why our Army is now trying to breed pigeons which are even faster and stronger and more clever, and has established five or more large training camps especially for them.

How can our officers be sure that their



pigeons will go directly to our headquarters with the message and not carry it by mistake to the enemy's camp? It happens because Nature gave the homing pigeon a very strong instinct—the instinct to fly home from wherever he is, no matter how far away. He won't fly to any other place but home, and he will fly there as surely and swiftly as his wings can carry him. Sometimes homing pigeons have flown as far as 2,000 miles. On such a long journey, they stop for rest, of course, and take several days, for 500 to 600 miles is all they can fly between dawn and dark. But always they will fly toward home.

In a battlefield, of course, pigeons need to make only shorter trips, such as between one part of the field and another part, or between the front lines and the General's Headquarters behind the lines.

All that it is necessary for our Army to do is to take with them, to the battle, pigeons which have learned that their home is where that particular Army unit is. Then when part of that Army unit moves up to the front lines, or somewhere apart from the home base, it

takes some of those pigeons along. When a pigeon is released with a message he will fly straight back to his home base.

A great military secret right now—so much a secret that no one outside can find out how it is done—is the training of pigeons to fly *two* ways. They are learning to fly *from* their home base to some other place, such as an officer's quarters on the front line, to deliver their message, and then fly back home again. This is the first time in history that such a thing has been done, and it will be very important if we should go to war.

Suppose, for instance, that guns and tanks had broken the telephone communications between two parts of our battle lines and that the enemy was "jamming" our radio messages or listening in on them so that our officers could not get in touch with each other. These wonderful new two-way pigeons could then be used. The officer in one sector might send this desperate message: "Enemy on cliff north of us in large numbers trying to capture both flanks. Our situation on left flank is very serious. Need ammunition badly. Our wounded are in bad condition. Can help be sent at once?"

Over the battlefield the pigeon carries this message to the officer of the second battalion who makes immediate plans to help the first battalion and sends those plans back in this message: "Have located enemy machine gun nest and sent platoon to get it. Will open barrage on enemy near your left flank. Divisions A and D pushing forward to your aid at once with 8,000 rounds rifle arms." With this important message, which may save the first battalion from complete destruction, the two-way pigeon flies back bravely and surely. No wonder that the secret of training pigeons to fly two ways is carefully guarded. Shown in the picture is Mister Corrigan, the first and fastest of our Army's two-way pigeons. He is named for "Wrong-Way" Corrigan, the aviator who pretended he crossed the Atlantic Ocean "by mistake," saying he meant to fly the other way all the time.

Another special trick that our Army pigeons are now learning is how to fly at night. Most pigeons naturally go to sleep when the sun sets. But the Army realizes that many important messages may have to be carried at night, to warn of attacks at dawn or of the approach of the enemy under cover of darkness. So these pigeons are being trained not to mind the dark, but to fly as well by night as they do by day.

Of course our Army is not the only one which uses pigeons to carry military messages. In the present European war, pigeons have been made standard equipment—for instance, for the parachutist. He releases a pigeon when he lands with a message telling where he is and where he has found the landing place safe for more parachutists to come.

So, if America goes to war, it will be important for us to capture the messages that any enemy pigeons are carrying, in order to find out what the enemy's plans are and to be able to prevent them from materializing.

That is why another kind of bird has been drafted into our Army, the fearful "dive-bomber" among birds, the falcon. In its wild state, this bird, which you may have heard of under the name of hawk, captures other birds for food. Late this summer, at the pigeon training center at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, our Army began teaching falcons to capture enemy pigeons and bring them back so that their messages could be read.

Falcons are wild and cruel, but very intelligent, birds. They can be taught to do many things. But training them takes a long time and lots of patience. When the falcon first arrives at the training camp, it must be taught not to fear man but to obey him. In order to do this, its trainer has to hold the falcon strapped to his wrist for almost two solid days and keep talking to it so that it will learn the sound of his voice and know that the trainer is its master. To carry the bird safely, the trainer must wear a heavy leather glove, because the claws of the falcon are very long and sharp, and because at first the bird is very frightened and angry at being caught. But after being with its trainer for nearly two days, it becomes less wild and will even let the trainer stroke its feathers.

Then its Army training begins. It is taught to fly high, high up, wait there until an "enemy" pigeon flies below, then "dive-bomb" to capture it. Falcons can "dive-bomb" almost as fast as airplanes, at almost 300 miles per hour, that is. They strike their prey with the great heavy knuckles on their legs and stun it into unconsciousness. Then they do a half somersault in the air and catch the stunned bird from underneath with their great sharp talons, and carry it back to their trainer.

The exact way falcons are trained to do this wonderful trick is a secret, too, but part of it consists in feeding them always in the same spot after they have practiced and practiced. The falcons are also taught in this way to re-

Lieutenant MacClure, chief falconer at the Ft. Monmouth, New Jersey, training center, wears protective gloves when handling falcons



spond to a special whistle, just as a dog does, so that they will return when they are called.

What the Army hopes to do with these falcons is to bring them near to spots from which the enemy is sending pigeon messages, near where parachutists are landing, for instance, or near the battle front. Then they will send up the falcons to capture the enemy's pigeons and bring them back with their messages.

Another secret being worked out by our Army is a way to teach falcons to "dive-bomb" at parachutes. The birds will have some instrument attached to their legs—just what the instrument will be is a military secret—so that they can cut a hole in the parachute when they touch it. They may even be taught to take a "suicide" dive into the propellers of an enemy bomber, which would cripple the plane and send it crashing to earth. The falcon would be killed of course in doing this, but would save the lives of many people whom the enemy plane might kill with its bombs or machine guns.

Several kinds of falcons are being trained

Interesting stuff will be coming over the radio in the November programs of the School of the Air of the Americas of the Columbia Broadcasting System. For instance, material about soldiers and road builders in the Monday programs; songs of coal miners and field workers in the Tuesday periods; stories of romantic lands of the Caribbean on Wednesdays; tales from far and near on Thursdays; current events on Fridays. The times of the broadcasts are: Eastern Time Zone: 9:15-9:45 A. M.; Central Time Zone: 2:30-2:55 P. M.; Mountain Time Zone: 9:30-10 A. M.; Pacific Time Zone: 1:30-2:00 P. M.



Thunderbolt, first of the falcons drafted by the Army, wears traditional blue felt hood topped with orange wool and a tuft of feathers

for Army service. "Thunderbolt," whose picture is above, is a duck-hawk or peregrine falcon, very like

the kind used in olden times by kings and princes at the hunt. At Fort Monmouth, a prairie falcon, a red-tailed hawk, and a sparrow falcon are also in training. All of these are native American birds and are being caught for the Army in the mountains of Pennsylvania by the American Falconers Association.

All through its Army life, the falcon must wear the decorated hood that you see Thunderbolt wearing in the picture. This covers his eyes and prevents him from being distracted by things which move past him. For the eyes of a falcon are very sharp, "telescopic" eyes they're called. With them a falcon can see a tiny field mouse in the grass a quarter of a mile below, when it's flying on high. When the falcon is released to hunt enemy pigeons the hood, of course, is taken off.

Today armies are "mechanized," and tanks and planes and radio turn war into a swift blitzkrieg. So it is interesting to realize that two of nature's own birds, whose only weapons are strong instincts and strong wings, are so important in helping our modern Army fight well.



Letters from a Mexican Mining Camp

At left, the boy who wrote the first letter below, wearing a charro suit, with the Mexican eagle and serpent painted on the back of the coat

At right, one of the old-fashioned wells still used in San Luis Potosi



THE STATE of San Luis Potosí, Mexico, has much mineral wealth. Charcas is headquarters for some of the mines, and from that town came these letters from children of men who went from the United States to work for the Mina Tiro General there:

ONE DAY my younger brother, Richard, and I decided to go on a picnic. We packed our lunch and soon we were on our way on our bicycles.

Just as we were going to cross the railroad track the ore train whistled and came thundering by. It had brought the ore from one of the mines to be crushed in the mill. After it has been crushed and chemically treated, the useless part of the ore is dumped outside our camp. We call it the tailings. The tailings are fine thin sand. It is grayish in color. The good ore, or concentrate, is shipped away in the train. As soon as the train had passed, we went on.

We soon came to the dairy. Our camp has a little farm and dairy of its own which consists of about ten Holstein and Jersey cows, five calves, and twenty pigs. We have a two-acre alfalfa patch for their feed.

Soon we were out in the country. We found a grassy shady spot under a Joshua tree and ate our lunch.

Shortly after we had eaten our lunch, we saw a shepherd and his flock of sheep. The sheep were doing their best to get their dinner from the poor, short grass. The shepherd was peeling a fruit called a tuna off a prickly pear

cactus. I heard him yelp because he got some of the long spines in his hand. We then saw him go over to a maguey, a century plant, and from a hollow he pulled out a rock. He had carved out the middle of the maguey a few days before. He dipped in a little pottery jar, and from the maguey he took out a liquid called *aqua miel*, or honey water. He drank it and seemed to like it.

Richard stooped down and drank a little of the liquid. He got up with a queer look on his face and said, "That's awful." From this sap the Mexicans make an alcoholic drink called *pulque*.

I pulled out my pocket knife and took the skin off one of the maguey leaves. It looked a lot like paper. The Aztecs used this kind of paper to write on.

The maguey is a wonderful plant. From it the Mexicans get coarse fibers. They make ropes and bags out of the fibers. The ore sacks that the mine donkeys carry over their backs are made from the maguey plant. They are very strong and don't cost very much. Many of the houses in the village are thatched with maguey leaves. The maguey leaves are first dried in the sun. They turn to a dark brown color after they are dried. The leaves are then laid on the roof. They seem to keep the cold out in winter.

The maguey grows a stalk about fifteen feet tall. At the top are cream-colored flowers. The birds and insects drink the nectar from them, for it is plentiful. The crows, humming birds, and bees seem to like it the most.

The crows chase the humming birds off the plants, but there are so many plants that the humming birds soon find one for themselves. When you go near one of the magueys you will hear the buzzing of many bees.

The Mexicans also get some sort of sugar cane from the long stalk. They cut it into many pieces and roast them over an open fire. Then it is ready to eat.

The maguey can grow almost any place for it stores up much water in its big long leaves.

When we got home we were warm and tired, but we liked our picnic, for we live in the Central Plateau of Mexico and are used to steep hills, rocky surfaces and the hot sun.

I AM SPENDING a few days in a dry part of the Mexican plateau. I live in San Francisco, California. My guide is a friendly Mexican. I used to think that all desert plants were cacti, and all alike, but they are not. This morning as I went out of the house I saw lying on the ground a big desert plant with a trunk two feet thick. It was about fifteen feet long with sword-like leaves. My guide said that the wind had blown it down. We saw water dripping out of a hole in the trunk. The guide said, "That is the water that the plant has stored for the summer." Just after lunch I saw the guide eating fruit which he called a tuna. He cut off the prickly skin and ate the fruit. It is red. I like it very much. It grows on a cactus with round leaves. I am learning how to peel these tunas without pricking my hands.

On a walk this afternoon I stopped to lean against something like a barrel, but I found out it was a cactus none too soon. It had stickers two inches long. It has a kind of cotton under the top stickers. This cotton is very hard to get, but the Mexicans use it in their pillows.

Tonight I am going to sleep on a mattress and a pillow made of this bisnaga cotton. Then tomorrow I will be leaving for South America.

I AM A BOY ten years old. I help my Dad to sell eggs. I go with him to the mining camp on a donkey. I ride behind him. The donkey will not go unless I kick him. We have one donkey that kicks a lot. I can not ride him because he will kick me off. He carries the boxes with chickens. We sell chickens, too.

We have a farm with lots of donkeys. We use the donkeys to carry things. They are useful to us.

ONE TUESDAY when we were holding our Junior Red Cross meeting, an honorary member decided that if we wanted money for orphans we could have a kermess and sell things we have made. And so we did.

We decided to have it on a Saturday in the schoolroom. We made pictures, kites, beanbags, goodies, and many other things. We dressed up as different characters, like pirates and others. We danced folk dances. We made up the folk dances because we did not know the real steps. We also had an archery contest and gave a picture to the best shooter. We raffled off a bird picture because everyone wanted to buy it.

After the kermess Miss Valverde, our teacher, and we school children stayed to count the money. We found that we had more than twenty pesos or more than four dollars. And that was really something to all of us, for we are only twelve members.

So now, my readers, I hope you will start a kermess and sell things you have made. It really is great fun. If you do, write to us and tell us how it turned out. Good luck with your kermess.

A Little Refugee

LUCIA CABOT

One night when I was tucked in bed,
Big bombs fell down quite near my head.
We found a shelter in the park,
But it was cold and wet and dark.

I lost my coat and then my hat,
And worst of all my pussy cat.
When daylight came, we took a bus;
No breakfast, but we did not fuss.

And then they put us on a ship,
We all were pleased to have a trip.
When I waked up, I was at sea. . . .
But Mother was not there with me!

The people here are very kind,
And school is pleasant, too, I find.
It's nice to be a refugee,
But I would rather stay, just me!

J. R. C. Book Trails



In North Carolina, a J. R. C. Committee examined books sent by Coltrane Grammar School in Concord to Mitchell County

ONE DAY last summer we received a letter from the Junior Red Cross Chairman of Springfield, Massachusetts. On hand, in the Chapter Office there, were several hundred books, many newly rebound and never used since; all were in good condition. "Do you know of schools that need assistance? We shall be happy to have a part in supplementing their textbook and library equipment."

And on that very day another letter came in. It was from a teacher in a rural school in Grand Junction, Hardeman County, Tennessee. Her pupils, 112 of them from six to twenty years old, had among them a total of only seventy-nine books. These were used by grown-ups, too, on Sundays twice a month.

First writing to the State Department of Education to find whether it would approve, we got in touch with the Junior Red Cross Chairman of Hardeman County. It was found that the library formerly used in Hunts Chapel School had been destroyed by fire, and that the books from the Springfield J. R. C. would be ever so welcome. And so, some two hundred books in wide variety were sent down to the little school in rural Tennessee.

National Headquarters, of course, does not keep a stock of books on hand, but it does seem to happen that whenever a letter comes asking for help, an offer of books pops up at

the same time. Boys in woodworking classes often make crates for the books and are a big help in packing and inspecting them for shipping.

"Many of our people are out of work because some of our mines have exhausted their coal," a teacher in Alabama wrote. "Because of this we are unable to buy books. No other gift would bring us so much happiness." J. R. C. members in three States collected and reconditioned more than five hundred books for this school in Andalusia.

Many States provide free textbooks, but no library reading material whatever; so these books from the J. R. C. mean not only the fun of having good books to read, but, many times, they are the means of getting schools on the approved lists of the State Department of Education.

While many of the gifts go to individual schools, one of the finest ways they are used is in circulating libraries traveling through rural sections. This is true of the J. R. C. Library in Mitchell County, North Carolina, which has received many books from schools in New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. Each traveling library has a case that locks and can be easily taken from one school to another. It is hard for the J. R. C. Chairman to decide where to go first, because six schools in the county have no libraries at all, and three others have only a few books. In one little school the children have read an average of seven books each, in the three weeks they have had the library.

Boys in one country school prepared a special library corner to take care of the gift from Chattanooga, Tennessee, members. They built shelves, painted them, and even renovated the whole schoolroom while they were about it. When that work was done, the boys and girls gathered together a gift for children in the city—food from their truck farms for children in free hospitals, nuts from the woods for those in orphanages.

If you would like to have a part in this J. R. C. service, talk with your Junior Red Cross Chairman. If there is no local need, we shall be glad indeed to tell you where books which are clean and in good condition will be welcomed. Anyway, be sure to let us know what you are doing, won't you?

THE TRADITIONAL Red Cross Roll Call period—November 11 to 30—finds J. R. C. members working to help the senior members, as well as planning for their own enrollment in the schools.

In partnership with senior members, the J. R. C. of Norfolk, Virginia, arranged a window display in one of the downtown stores during the first week of Roll Call. The window showed dolls and flags of many lands, including those of our South American neighbors and Mexico. Four members rode on a float which was entered in the Armistice Day parade, and the public was given a good idea of J. R. C. activities, including the packing of gift boxes, sewing for refugee children, and the work of manual arts classes.

To interest everyone in the school in enrollment, members of Garfield School, Flint, Michigan, drew a large cross in outline on white cardboard, leaving a special space marked for each of the twenty-six rooms in the building. A duplicate of the cross was made in red paper, cut in sections for each room. As a room enrolled 100 per cent, the boys and girls pasted their "room section" of the red cross on the white one in the school corridor. Soon there was a complete red cross, with everyone in the building a member of the Junior Red Cross.

In Lowell, Massachusetts, Junior Red Cross members served tea each day at Roll Call Headquarters; a number of Red Cross flags were made for the Chapter by members of Stephen County, Georgia; in Berea, Kentucky, a program of songs was given at the Chapter's Roll Call meeting; in Me-



Two J. R. C. members carry a banner in a Junior Red Cross Parade in Wharton, Texas

News Parade

and how he was later taken to Switzerland and then on to Italy where he was finally joined by his parents and brought to this country. Following this, there was a pageant. Twenty-one children took part, representing twenty nations and the Spirit of the Red Cross. As the pageant went along, the "Spirit of the Red Cross" read a message which said in conclusion, "Through our threefold message of internationalism, brotherhood and service, we are happy to be here to do our small part, and as descendants of Germans, Russians, Italians and Greeks, as loyal members of the Junior Red Cross in America, we stand united before this flag of our organization."

In Omaha, Nebraska, as in many other cities, members wrote letters to their parents telling the story of the Red Cross and its services, urging all the members of their families to join.



First-class knitters for J. R. C. war relief at the Saunders School, Omaha, Nebraska

nasha, Wisconsin, 2,000 Roll Call letters were distributed for the Chapter, and posters on patriotism and citizenship were made and put on display in the reading room of the public library.

At the Residential Roll Call luncheon of the Greater Cleveland, Ohio, Chapter, a German refugee in one of the schools told how he was separated from his parents while his father was in a concentration camp,

RED CROSS services to the armed forces have grown more and more in the past few months, and Junior Red Cross members are remembering men at the newly established camps and station hospitals as well as continuing their regular service for men in the Army, Navy and

Marine Corps. The Assistant Red Cross Field Director at the new Station Hospital at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, wrote to the J. R. C. at Springfield: "Thank you for the generous and useful donations of ash trays, blotter corners, cribbage boards, pyramid square puzzles, and a metal pencil tray. Ash trays are always very welcome here, and the pyramid squares will be a new diversion for our recreation room."

Another kind of service was planned for the Station Hospital at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. J. R. C. members of Pierce County, North Dakota, made toys to amuse the children of service men who come to visit them in the hospital, and who sometimes themselves need hospital care. "Thank you for the cloth and wooden toys," the Red Cross Field Director wrote. "Never have we had such beautifully made and clever ones. Everyone who has come into our office has stopped to admire them. . . . Today when we gave out one of the dogs and a cat to two small patients, we wished that the Juniors could have seen the expression of joy on their faces."

Four thousand cookies were made by the E. H. Abbott School, Elgin, Illinois, for members of Company I of the 129th Infantry at Camp Forrest, Tullahoma, Tennessee. A special recipe was selected and tested to be sure that the cookies would arrive whole and not in small pieces and crumbs.

First and second graders of Newtonville, Massachusetts, made 170 glasses of cranberry conserve for Thanksgiving trays of men in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts. Other boys and girls painted and decorated several dozen paper plates for the same hospital, using original designs suitable for Thanksgiving. Cartons of fruit to fill the plates were sent along with the gift.

ONE OF THE WAYS in which Junior Red Cross members are helping the Senior Red Cross Production Committees is by collecting findings which are needed in completing garments for war relief. Out in Findlay, Ohio, members were responsible for supplying the Chapter with 645 spools of thread, 395 bolts of tape, 178 cards of snap fasteners, 152 dozen safety pins, and 35 pounds of buttons, as well as linen for dressings and wash cloths.

Upper grades of the Cleveland School, Pasadena, California, held a "pin fair." The students decorated an attractive booth, and jewelry, hair ribbons, clean handkerchiefs and ties which were good but no longer wanted

were offered for sale to children of the kindergarten and first three grades. Purchases were paid for with safety pins, never more than three pins to a sale. The pins were clean and straight, and the J. R. C. Council washed and sterilized them. The Chapter will use the pins in layettes.

LATEST IN the long list of countries to receive help from your Red Cross is Russia. Medical supplies, including insulin and gas gangrene serum, along with 5,000,000 surgical dressings and 5,000 hospital garments are now on their way to that country.

To handle American Red Cross relief for Russia, and to distribute supplies purchased from United States Government funds, Chairman Norman H. Davis has appointed a committee of four men who are even now on the way. You will be proud to know that Mr. James T. Nicholson, National Director of the American Junior Red Cross, is one of those chosen to serve on the committee. Perhaps some of you remember that Mr. Nicholson made a survey of relief needs in Europe, and set up Red Cross relief in Poland last year.

MINIATURE REPRODUCTIONS of furniture, perfect in every detail, are being made by boys in Whitesboro, Texas. When the woodwork of the models has been completed, the girls will upholster them. The completed furniture will be sent to the Texas State School for the Blind.

In Danville, Virginia, boys are making wooden cutouts of several continents for pupils in the State School for the Blind at Staunton, Virginia. They have just finished fifteen cribbage boards for men in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Norfolk.

ELIZABETH BAUCOM, a fourth-grader in the Clara Harris School, Concord, North Carolina, wrote in the J. R. C. paper: "One of the most interesting things we did during Thanksgiving was to make a scene. We cut out cornstalks, moon, turkey, and colored some places to make the shadows and ground. The best ones were put up for us to enjoy. Then they were taken down and sent to the Cabarrus County Hospital. They were put on the patients' trays."

THE brailled edition of this issue of the News will go to forty-seven schools and classes for the blind, all of them enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross.



Pupils can remove states from U. S. relief map On sunny days pupils read braille books outside

With Knowing Fingers



One of the 4-H Club members

At the Connecticut Institute for the Blind in Hartford, Connecticut, pupils learn most of the studies and games which seeing children enjoy. Here are a few pictures showing how busy they are, and what good times they have.

They learn through their fingers as in the geography and reading classes above. They give plays, and romp in the gym. Both boys and girls raise fine poultry, and make hundreds of articles of clothing to be sent overseas by the Red Cross.

And in turn, all over this country, J. R. C. members make games for blind children. The design at right was one of a number of bird and flower prints cut out and mounted by the East School, Torrington, Connecticut, so that outlines can be felt and prints matched.



Whistler Swan raised design

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS EXCEPT SWAN, COURTESY THE HARTFORD COURANT



In gym classes pupils gain confidence and have fun



Blind girls learn to knit and run sewing machines



The Old Woman With the Long Nose

Esther Pinch

Pictures by Alice Dennis

The little dog was so smart he could bark in three languages

ONCE UPON A TIME there was an old woman who had a long nose and she lived in a small white house with a steep red roof. She had a big yellow cat and a little fuzzy dog that was so smart he could bark in three languages.

There was a garden in front of the old woman's house and a hive of bees. In the back yard was a clay pit with the nicest white clay you ever saw.

The old woman used to make dishes out of the clay and set them in the hot sun to bake. When the dishes were hard and dry she would take them to town and sell them.

Now, wouldn't you think that a woman with all these things would be happy? Well, she wasn't. She couldn't think of a single thing except her nose.

Every time anybody made a remark about anybody's nose, the old woman thought they meant her nose. She really was a pest.

Now, one night the old woman was coming home from market with an empty basket on her arm. She had just sold a dozen dishes and should have been as happy as a

lark. But she wasn't a bit happy. Her face looked like a pan of sour milk.

She was so miserable that she didn't notice where she was going and, so, ran straight into another old woman whose face was as gay as a bright red apple.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the happy old woman.

The old woman with the long nose just grunted. So the happy old woman said, "You seem upset. Can I do anything to help you?"

"Why shouldn't I be upset?" the old woman with the long nose answered. "How would you feel if you had a hideous nose like mine?"

As it happened the second old woman, in addition to being a cheery soul, was a fairy. She knew all kinds of things. She had taken a correspondence course in magic from Professor Puck, and he is very famous.

So the cheery old woman, the one who was a fairy, said, "Oh, is that all that bothers you? I have a remedy for that." And she reached into a pocket in her dress and drew out a small round china dish.

"What's that for?" the woman with the long nose asked. The fairy



The old woman used to make dishes out of the clay

answered. "Rub just a tiny bit of this on your nose when you go to bed at night. Think happy thoughts when you are dropping off to sleep, and, when you wake in the morning, you will have the most beautiful nose you ever saw."

The old woman took the box and reached into her basket for a coin to pay for it, but the fairy shook her head. "I am not allowed to take money for doing a good deed," she said. "All I ask is that you use the salve sparingly. It is very powerful."

After thanking the fairy, the old woman walked on toward home. When she reached the door of her house, the bees crowded around her and sang a song of welcome. The cat wound in and out about her feet; the dog barked "Welcome Home" in three languages.

The old woman took a large key from her basket and unlocked the front door. First she fed the cat, then she fed the dog, and afterward she cooked her own supper. And all of the time she thought about the little round dish of salve the fairy had given her.

She could hardly wait until bedtime, she was so anxious to see how it would work. But finally she put on her nightgown and turned down the covers of her bed. Then she opened the box.

The salve in the box looked like butter, and the old woman wondered if it would do what the fairy had said.

She had her picture in all the newspapers



She rubbed a little of it on her nose and waited. She didn't feel a thing. Then she opened her casement windows, so that the fresh air could blow in.

After that she went to the mirror and peered at herself in the glass. Her nose hadn't changed in the least. And right then the old woman made a mistake. She rubbed all the rest of the salve on her nose. It was not until she was half asleep that the old woman remembered how the fairy has said, "Use it sparingly."

When the old woman woke the next morning, she jumped out of bed and ran to the mirror. What do you think she saw?

Her nose had shrunk and shrunk until it was not much bigger than a small button.

She didn't know what to do. But she thought, "Perhaps it will seem larger when I am used to it."

But when she went marketing and stopped at the baker's for bread, the baker's wife became very excited.



The birds pecked at her nose until there wasn't one crumb left

"What has happened to your nose?" she asked.

"Nothing at all," the old woman said.

"But you haven't any nose at all," the baker's wife insisted. "Sit down and I'll see what I can do."

She made the old woman sit down in a chair close to the oven. Then the baker's wife took some biscuit dough and made it into a nose. And the old woman had to sit by the oven until the nose was nice and brown.

But when the old woman had finished marketing and had started for home with so much food in her basket she couldn't have put in one more strawberry, the strangest thing happened. First the sparrows noticed, then the robins, then the canaries, that the woman's nose was made of bread. The father wren came out of his nest in an oatmeal box, the eagles came down from the mountain, the nightingales came from the grove. Even an owl came out of a church belfry. And the birds flew around the old woman's head and pecked and pecked at her nose until not one crumb of it was left.

"It's plain to be seen," the old woman said to herself, "that a nose of bread isn't quite the thing." And she entered her house.

All the time she was cooking her dinner, and most of the time she was eating it, the old woman thought about what to do for another nose. Just as she was finishing the last bit of apple sauce, her eye fell on the clay pit in the back yard. "Just the thing," she exclaimed.

And she made herself a beautiful clay nose. Now the old woman should have let the nose get good and hard before going walking, but she was so anxious to show off that she couldn't wait.

She was so proud of her nose that she didn't see the big black clouds or notice that there were flashes of lightning. And everybody knows what that means. So she walked straight into a big rain storm and her nose melted and ran until finally what was left of it splashed on the ground.

By the time the shower had passed, the old woman reached home. She hadn't any nose at all, but it didn't make any difference to the bees. They sang their song of welcome. And the old woman said, "Beeswax. I'll make a nose out of beeswax."

And she did. But by this time she was so tired that she decided to lie down and take a nap. And the bees, flying through the windows, saw the wax and began to make a honeycomb on the old woman's face.

That woke the old woman and she struck at the bees and hit her nose. It flew across the room.

The old woman began to cry. "Oh dear, oh dear, if I had my old nose back again, I'd never complain."

At this moment the fairy appeared. She melted right through the wall. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"I want my old nose back again," the old woman sobbed.

"That's easy," said the fairy. "Tie this magic string to the nose you have. I'll pull one end and you pull in the other direction. We'll soon have your old nose back again."

So the fairy pulled and pulled and the old woman pulled and pulled away from her and presently the nose began to grow. It grew from the size of a button to the size of a small thimble, from the size of a small thimble to the size of a

large thimble. When it was just as large as it had been before the woman had tried to change it, the string broke.

The old woman rushed to the mirror and gazed at herself. "Oh, my beautiful nose!" she exclaimed.

The fairy smiled because the nose was as big as ever, but she didn't tell the old woman this. The fairy was too polite. Instead of saying anything she melted through the wall.

The old woman gave her cat a saucer of yellow cream, and she gave her dog two cans of dog food. And he now barked "Thank you," in four languages.

The old woman was so happy that she lived to be one hundred and three years old, and had her picture in all of the newspapers.

If you ever travel through that country and ask, anyone living there will tell you that I am telling the truth.

Corn Harvest



WIDE WORLD

THE boys and girls at left are taking part in a corn shucking contest on the farm of the Children's Aid Society. That farm is on top of a skyscraper in New York City—of all places. Some of the boys and girls, as you can see, are dressed in overalls and straw hats. Some children in New York have never been outside the city so a taste of farm life is all the more fun for them.

MANY of the good things we have to eat at this time of year we owe to the Indians in this country who first tamed and grew them—pumpkins and potatoes, for example, and especially corn. The Chippewa squaw in the picture at right is getting the ears of corn ready for winter drying. The ears are tied together with buckskin, and hung from the log beams of her house. Some of the kernels are bright red and blue.



DIVISION OF INDIAN EDUCATION, STATE OF MINNESOTA



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JOINT ROLL CALL--NOV. 11-30

This year, for the first time, the enrollment of Junior Red Cross members will take place during the regular Red Cross Roll Call, November 11 to 30.

As in years past, Junior Red Cross members may help with senior Roll Call. You will find suggestions about ways of doing so on page 77 of this issue.

Furthermore, Junior members will this year take an active part in the one

hundred per cent enrollment or re-enrollment of their own schools.

In partnership with the senior organization, the American Junior Red Cross will march ahead, doing its share to help others in the community, the nation and the world.

Ask the Junior Red Cross leader in your local Red Cross Chapter how you can help in the Roll Call period.

ASK HOW YOU CAN HELP

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